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EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

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Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

### DIFFERENT QUALITIES OF MILK AT DIFFERENT STAGES OF MILKING.

It is well known to many that milk varies in its character according to the stage of the milking in which it is taken from the cow. That which is taken first is much thinner and has less cream than that which is taken last. It is supposed, too, by some, that any impurities of milk, arising from any thing that the cow has eaten, such as turnips or onions, is contained principally in the first portion drawn by the milker. We find in an old number of the Massachusetts Agricultural Repository, some experiments detailed by an individual, in regard to these things, which some of our readers may be curious to know. They were extracted from Anderson's recreations in Agriculture.

Several large teacups exactly of the same size were taken, one of them was filled at the beginning of the milking of the cow, and the others at regular intervals, till the last, which was filled with the dregs of the strippings. A counter weight being put in for each cup, they were individually weighed, so as to ascertain with precision that the same quantity of milk was contained in each cup. From a great number of experiments, frequently repeated, with many different cows, the results were in all cases as follows:

The quantity of cream obtained from the first drawn cup, was in every case much smaller than from that which was last drawn; and those between the beginning and the end. The quantity of cream obtained from the last drawn cup, from some cows, exceeded that from the first in the proportion of sixteen to one. In other cows and under particular circumstances, the disproportion was not quite so great; but in no case did I find it fall short of the ratio of eight to one. Probably, upon the average of a great many cows, it might be found to run at the ratio of ten or twelve to one.

This was not all. It was found that there was not only a great difference in the quantity of cream, between the first strippings and the last, but there was also an essential difference in the quality. The experimenter goes on to state that the cream in the first drawn cup, especially when the difference in the quantity was very great, was only a thin tough film, and very white. That in the last drawn cup was of a buttery consistency, and of a glowing richness of color, that no other kind of cream is ever found to possess. Nor was this all. The difference in the quality of the milk, after the cream was removed, that remained, was perhaps still greater. That in the first drawn cup was a thin, bluish liquid, appearing as if a very large portion of water had been blended with ordinary milk. That in the last cup was of a thick consistency, yellow color and rich taste, more resembling cream than milk in all respects, only sweeter to the taste, and less oily upon the palate.

Now the practical inference to be drawn from these experiments, is this. *Always milk clean.* It is very evident, as the writer afterwards observes, that he who leaves behind only a half pint of milk that might have been obtained, loses, in fact, as much cream as would have been yielded by about six or eight pints of milk at the beginning, and loses, besides, that portion of cream which alone can give richness and high flavor to his butter.

There was another experiment which interested us somewhat. It is well known to those who have had much to do with milk, that farrow cows give milk that is perceptibly salt. The milk of a farrow cow whose milk was quite salt, was drawn into different cups, one after another. On examination, in the order which they were drawn, it was found that the first cup was the saltiest of all, and that this taste gradually abated in each succeeding cup, till about the middle, when it totally disappeared. From this it is inferred, although we believe no experiment has been tried to prove it, that the nauseous taste arising from certain substances eaten, as cabbage, turnips, garlic, onions, &c., may affect the milk in the same manner.

**NEW IMPORTATION OF MERINOES.** The September number of the American Agriculturist mentions the importation of some excellent Merino sheep, by Mr. John A. Taintor, of Hartford, Conn. Mr. Allen, the editor of the Agriculturist, took pains to visit and examine them, and considers them superior to any thing yet brought here.

He thinks the rams, when full grown, will weigh from two hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty pounds each. The sire of one of them was sold in Europe for five hundred dollars, and afforded twenty-three pounds of unwashed wool.

**GARDEN AND FIELD HERBS.** These should be cut while in blossom, and cured in the shade. By so doing, their peculiar flavor is preserved, and they are consequently much more efficient for medicinal purposes than when dried in the sun.

If your cows are restive in consequence of soreness in the teats or udder before milking, apply common molasses. It should be applied in the morning, and well rubbed in,—also before milking at night. A dairy woman of our acquaintance, of much intelligence in relation to matters of this nature, informs us that she is aware of no better or speedier remedy.

See that all the black excrescences on your cherry and plum trees are cut out and burned.

# MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIV. AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1846. NO. 38.

### MUCK FOR ASPARAGUS AND RHUBARB.

A good bed of asparagus is valuable for affording an early vegetable for the table, equal to green peas; and a few roots of rhubarb are also valuable for affording green sauce and tart pies equal to the best of apples. To have either of these articles early and in perfection, they should be well manured, and if the manure be put on in the fall, it will serve as a protection as well as a nutriment, and bring them forward early in the spring.

A writer of the signature of R. W. T., in the August number of the Horticulturist, recommends muck from a peat bog for covering sea kale and rhubarb with. We can recommend it also for asparagus, and on his experiment it will also do well for rhubarb.

The writer recommends covering these beds in November.

He says, in November I covered my whole bed of sea kale fourteen inches deep with peat earth. I was able to commence cutting the shoots for boiling, the next spring long before my neighbors, and the size and flavor were certainly all I could desire.

Since I have found the value of the peat earth for raising early blanched sea kale, I have also tried it with rhubarb. Upon this vegetable it acts equally well. I cover the crowns of rhubarb in the fall, about eighteen inches deep, with the black peat soil, heaped up in the shape of a flattened cone or hill. From such hills I am able to cut nice blanched stalks in abundance, at least twelve or fourteen days before the roots in the open quarters afford me any stalks. Those who like a fine early tart will not think this too much trouble to obtain it. I should also mention, perhaps, that as soon as the season for cutting these plants is past, I draw away all the covering of peat, and mix it with my compost heap, or apply it to any part of the garden in need of it.

We think the above suggestions valuable, and may lead to the cultivation of sea kale in our latitude. We think such a covering of peat will be ample protection for it from the severity of our winters, and our gardeners and farmers will find it an excellent vegetable to cultivate for the table.

### BUCK WHEAT.

Many farmers, from not being acquainted with the management of this grain, often permit it to remain too long in the field. In some cases it is not cut till so much of it has ripened that the process of moving and getting in, is necessarily attended with heavy loss. As a general rule, it should be cut when two thirds of the grain is fully ripe; and, when practicable, before the advent of severe frosts.

By following this rule, we not only economize a large amount of the heaviest and best developed grain, which the action of severe frost would cause to "shatter," but we also save, in addition, a very considerable proportion of that which is immatured, and which, if exposed to the direct and powerful action of this principle, would be a total loss. When cut at the period above specified, the succulent and juicy state of the *hauin* will cause the unripened grain to fill almost if not quite as rapidly after being cut, as under the most favorable and auspicious circumstances, it could possibly have done before that operation.

This assertion we are aware will appear paradoxical to many, yet it is nevertheless strictly true. As the grain stands in the field, a heavy frost necessarily affects every part and fibre; but when cut and raked into heaps or small bundles, only the outer surface is exposed; consequently a very large proportion of the entire mass remains unimpaired, and will finally ripen and become good and perfect grain. And this result is experienced even where there is exposure to many and severe frosts for many successive nights.

Should the haulm be extraordinarily heavy and succulent, it may be proper frequently to turn the heaps. This operation should be performed with a careful hand, as rough usage will inevitably be attended with considerable loss. After remaining several days in this condition, it should be pitched into a cart, and taken to the barn to be thrashed; or, should the farmer prefer it, this operation may be performed in the field.

### WEEDS IN CORN.

Most farmers hoe their corn some two or three times and then leave it for the season. If the last hoeing is performed in July, the weeds start up and attain maturity, perfect their seeds, and thus increase greatly the labor of tillage the succeeding year. The old adage—"One year's seeding makes seven years' weeding," is a true one, and ought sedulously to be borne in mind. The object of hoeed crops is always, in part, to cleanse the soil—to eradicate spurious vegetation and prepare it for the subsequent crop of grain or grass.

Every careful farmer will look over his corn fields this month, and see that no weeds are springing up, as by permitting them to go to seed, the advantages anticipated from the cultivation of the crop, will be lost, and the following crop materially diminished. In cultivating hoeed crops, great care should be taken to preserve the soil perfectly clean throughout the season.

**SAVING SEEDS.** Every farmer should make it an invariable rule to save his own seeds. By exercising care, and selecting none but the best, he will be more certain to secure the kind and quality desired. No vegetable or plant of any kind should be selected or planted, that is not of the first quality. The expense of raising seed from good, well developed plants, is no more than from inferior ones.

We have now a variety of corn the maturation of which has been greatly promoted by selecting, for seed, the first ripe ears. Its productiveness, also, we think, has been augmented fully one third by taking the ears from stalks producing from two to three, and only such as were perfect and well filled.

### INOCULATION OF FRUIT.

Some prefer inoculating their fruit stocks, particularly cherries, pears, plums, &c., in August. But our own experience teaches us that both budding and inoculation may be performed with success even as late as the middle of September. A peach tree, standing beneath our window, which we budded on the 21st of this month, is decidedly the most healthy and flourishing one of the kind we ever saw, and the most affluent bearer. In some seasons, however, even the latter part of August is too late. Neither inoculation or budding can be successfully performed unless the bark runs, and this is a circumstance greatly dependent on soil and season. Inoculation is probably one of the easiest and most successful methods of obtaining improved fruit with which science has brought us acquainted. Many descriptions of fruit that will not admit of propagation by engrafting, may be budded with perfect success. It is an art that should be understood and practiced by every farmer and orchardist in the land.

### HARVESTING BUCK WHEAT.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

In an article in your paper some time ago, you gave some directions in regard to raising and harvesting buck wheat. In such matters the Doctor ought to know best, but permit me to say that your mode of harvesting is not the most approved in places where buck wheat raising is more general than here; and I believe it is not the best. Instead of moving, raking, and pitching from heaps, which must always be attended with loss, unless it is done while the haulm is too green or wet to be carried in, and thrashed, the practice in New York, Connecticut, Vermont, and New Hampshire, is to cradle it when in about the condition you recommend, and immediately, with a rake, put it into bunches about the size of wheat sheaves, and set it up without binding. The raking, or rolling together with a rake, twists it together in such a manner that it will stand any desirable length of time; and when perfectly dry may be taken up with a fork, and placed on the cart without the loss of a grain. Having seen this practice pursued in Vermont, a few years ago, I tried it last year myself, and secured my crop without the loss of a pint, when to have had it in equally good condition to thrash, by your method would have been attended with a waste of bushels.

East Winthrop, Sept. 9, 1846.

### MANURE.

We are afraid "Bonner's Method" of preparing manure to enrich and improve the land for good crops, is not properly appreciated by our Farmers. Having no experience in this department of industry ourselves, it does not become us to dictate to those who have; but having noticed many testimonials of experienced Farmers on the subject, we are anxious our Agricultural brethren should have the benefit of the invention. We therefore lay before them a letter from William Miller, Esq., of Durham, in answer to one recently addressed to him, by Mr. Ezekiel Hoole, the proprietor. [Portland Washingtonian Journal.]

Durham, Me., Aug. 26, 1846.

MR. HOOLE—Sir: In answer to your queries in relation to Bonner's method of making manure, permit me to say, my first experiment of last season is already made public. This season I have used between 30 and 40 loads made by the Bonner process. I made it last fall, of various materials, straw, potato vines, rushes, weeds, swamp mud, earth and leaves from the woods. I used it on my corn, potatoes, wheat and oats. The result has been full equal, if it did not exceed my last year's experiment. I have now used this manure for two years, and am fully prepared to give my unequivocal testimony in its favor. The experience I have had has removed every doubt in regard to the utility of Bonner's method. The manure far exceeds the best barn manure. In relation to the cost of manufacturing, I will say, it will not exceed twenty-five cents per cord, to new beginners; and after they have had a little experience in the business, not more than two thirds that sum; and the labor is no more than required to make in the way that farmers usually practice, by hauling into their barn yards—and I have no hesitation in saying, that one cord made by the Bonner process is worth at least two cords made in the common way. You ask what I consider the method worth to a farmer? To this question I can give no definite answer—and will only add, I should not consider it any object for me to take one hundred dollars to be deprived of its benefits. I believe I have replied to most if not all of your queries; and in conclusion would wish you success in your laudable enterprise, being confident that the system will be adopted by farmers generally.

Yours, respectfully, Wm. Miller.

**SPRINGFIELD ARMORY.** The following statement shows the number of arms and appendages fabricated at the Springfield Armory during the year ending June 30th, 1846: 14,265 percussion muskets complete; 12,630 wipers; 12,204 screw-drivers; 3000 ball screws; 2,544 spring vices; 108 arm chests. Improvements have been made in the machinery during the year, and several of the antiquated machines have been removed, and those of modern construction filled their places. An important saving is made by the use of anthraxite coal for forging most of the parts of the arm, where charcoal has been used heretofore.

[Springfield Gazette.]

The cultivation of the tea-plant in France bids fair to be a successful experiment. The climate of the south of France is said to be well adapted to the growth of the China herb, which being tried in the open air has developed its leaf fully. A warm but slightly humid atmosphere is requisite, and the plant transplanted from its native air, which will not grow in Algeria on account of a too parching heat, shoots forth with an excellent promise in a more genial climate of old Gaul.

### FARM WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

We have always so many matters on hand on a farm that the work of one month runs into another. August is the best month for stocking down with grass, but September is also a good month. Your harvest next year will not be so early if you delay sowing till this month, and your grass will not stand the winter quite so well; yet you will have a good burthen from a September seeding if you take care to apply a good dressing to the surface.

This season has been so wet that no loss has arisen from seeding down in any part of the month of August, and we expect to see many luxuriant green lawns in various quarters before October is past. Some farmers tell us they succeed well in sowing after taking off their corn, about the first of October; and we have seen such cases, but we cannot advise any to sow so late for there is too much risk.

It seems from all the cases that we have noticed that if the land is quite rich there is the least danger of winter killing; the roots run deeper and protect themselves better. Not so with trees; in very rich land they grow late, and are more apt to suffer in winter than trees on poorer land. They fail to mature their sap when they grow too late in the season and they are not prepared for the hardest winter weather.

In regard to stocking land down, the earlier it is done, after August is past, the better will be your prospect next summer, and the risk is less.

If corn is topped before harvest time it should be done in the fore part of September; for one advantage of topping lies in opening the field for the growth of turnips among the corn, and for the growth of the grass that was introduced at the last hoeing. Now is the time to make accurate trials to determine conclusively whether it is injurious to corn to cut the stalks early. One instance will not suffice. We want numerous trials. Stalks may be taken up and piked very soon after cutting if the pikes are not large, and the bands are not drawn tight. There is no kind of need of tight binding as in the case of grain. The more loose the band the better. Stalks need not stand in pike longer than two weeks when the weather is good.

Hogs should be strictly attended to through the month. They fatten faster and at less cost in this month than in any one. All agree that charcoal is good for them. Let them be indulged with a variety of food.

You will begin to pick winter apples before this month is gone. They keep longer when picked thus early, but their flavor is not so good. Keep them as cool as possible if you would not have them rot. [Mass. Ploughman.]

**RECIPIES.—Naples Biscuit.** Beat eight eggs; add to them one pound of flour, one pound of powdered sugar, and one teaspoonful of essence of lemon.

Bake in a quick oven.

**Biscuit and Jelly Sandwich.** Mix a Naples biscuit and bake it in a basin with straight sides; when cold, cut it in slices three quarters of an inch thick; spread each with some jelly, and replace them, according to their original form; have ready an icing, and cover it, both the top and the sides, and dry it in a warm room.

**Loaf Cake.** One pound of butter, two pounds of sugar; three pounds of flour; six eggs, well beaten; one pint of milk; three tablespoonfuls of dry saleratus—dissolve it in a little warm water; spice to taste; and one pound of currants, well washed and dried, and one pound of raisins; work it well together, and make it into three loaves.

Bake for one hour in a quick oven.

**Drop Cakes.** Beat eight eggs very light with one pound of sugar and twelve ounces of flour; drop them on paper, sprinkle fine sugar over each, and bake in a quick oven.

Take them from the paper with a knife.

**Trifles.** One egg to a tablespoonful of sugar, and as much flour as will make a stiff dough; roll it very thin, and cut them in small round or square cakes; drop two or three at a time in boiling lard. When they rise to the surface and turn over, they are done. Take them out with a skimmer, and lay them on a sieve to drain; heap jelly or jam on the centre of each when served. [Ex.]

**COVERING TO THE GROUND USEFUL.** In all the essays I have seen on the application of manure, no account has been made of the advantage the soil receives from a covering. I have noticed that a spot covered by a board, a pile of rails, a heap of stones, or no matter what, on removing the encumbrance which has occupied the ground for two or three months, and cultivating it, it is found much better than the adjoining land. Observe a forest tree standing in a field—if of tolerable size and thrifty, it will impoverish a large area around it; yet the same kind of trees will grow close together, and vigorously, in the forest, where their leaves form a close covering to the ground, and at the same time the soil will be improved. Acting on these suggestions, I have for some years put my manure on clover in the spring, which I designed to turn under for wheat in the fall, giving the land the benefit of the covering of both the manure and the clover during the summer; and I think a given quantity of manure does more good to my land in this way than in any other that I have applied it. I state these things that the attention of scientific men may be turned to this question. Does not a covering act so as to prevent the escape of ammonia and other substances beneficial to the soil?

[Conn. Farmers' Cabinet.]

**Important Fact.** From experiments made in England some time since, by Dr. Anderson, it was ascertained that a bushel of wheat measured in a vessel 11 1/2 inches deep, weighed 56 lbs. 6 3/4 oz.; and that a bushel of the same kind of wheat measured in another vessel 8 1/2 inches deep, weighed 56 lbs. 0 1/2 oz., making a difference of rather more than one bushel in 144—a loss of some moment when large quantities are delivered. The same principle will apply to rye, oats, barley, and many other substances sold by measure. [Am. Ag.]

### Cows.

Although we have been favored with the luxuries emanating from the cow ever since the flood, we are still very ignorant of her value, and of the proper mode of managing her in sickness and in health. We were taught to believe that it was unnecessary, indeed improper in all cases, to milk a cow before she had her first calf; and if I am not mistaken this belief prevails universally at the present day.

Our attention was recently called to a favorite Durham heifer, whose udder was considerably inflamed and distended, nearly three months before her time of calving, and gradually increased for two months, until the size was so enormous and the inflammation so great, that we were apprehensive matter would form in the udder. To prevent this, we ordered her udder to be well bathed, morning, noon, and night, with water as warm as it could be applied without scalding. By this mode of treatment, the udder was relaxed, but gradually increased in size until we were satisfied that she could not be relieved until she was milked. The first effort brought off several pints of thick serous or watery matter; the second day the discharge was a mixture of water and milk, and on the third day we had the pleasure of measuring seventeen pints of milk, and from this time forward until she calved—which was about one month from the first time of milking—she yielded from 16 to 18 quarts of fine rich milk every day. The calf found the udder in fine condition for sucking, the teats all soft, and the milk flowed upon the slightest compression of his lips. In this way we preserved the udder of one of the finest cows we ever milked; and we feel very confident that if we had left nature to herself, the udder would have been spoiled. [Conn. Tenn. Ag.]

**CARRIAGE BRAKE.** A patent has been recently granted for an invention of that peculiar class which, when they appear, excite wonder that they had not been thought of before. It consists of a simple arrangement by which the rear end of the pole of a wagon, or a stage coach, by being permitted to slide back two or three inches through a groove, by this motion, operates on a pair of short levers, which force a pair of brake blocks against the rear side of the forward wheels; thus impeding the wheels by the action of the horses in holding back the pole. This excellent arrangement was invented by Mr. John Dubois, Jr., of Cascade, Pa. No country stage coach should be permitted to run over hard hills without this safe and simple appendage. [Ex.]

**LINE AND RATS.** A gentleman of this city who had occasion to use considerable time about his premises, which had hitherto been much infested with rats, informed us that these destructive vermin had suddenly ceased to appear or to annoy him. "Before using the line," said he, "you could scarcely walk across the yard after night, without treading on them." He showed us several of their principal holes around which he had deposited a small portion of fresh unslacked lime, which evidently had the effect of driving them from these places, which they before resorted to in great numbers. The above is a simple and cheap method of getting rid of this annoying and destructive pest. Suppose you try it. [Ex. paper.]

**CULTIVATION OF ORCHARDS.** At a late agricultural meeting at the State House, Boston, Mr. Porter, of Danvers, stated that a few years ago, he had an old orchard of four or five acres, which had not been plowed for thirty years, which his neighbors said was worthless. He plowed it, manured it well, and took off a good crop of oats. He pursued the same course the two following years. The third year, he had seven tons of oats, cut before ripe for fodder, and two hundred and eighty barrels of apples. Previous to plowing, he did not get more than eight barrels a year. It may be proper to add, that although sown crops with manure, do well for full grown orchards, low hoed crops only, as potatoes, beets, and turnips, will answer for young trees. [Albany Cult.]

**TOMATOES.** Cut them into thick slices, and let them remain over night. Then mix sugar and vinegar in the ratio of a pound of the former to a pint of the latter. Spice it to your taste; scald the mixture and pour it on the tomatoes. They may be kept any length of time; and eaten as a conserve, are preferred, by many, to any other mode of preparation. [Prairie Farmer.]

**SUBSOILING AND MANURING.** C. F. Crossman of Rochester, says, in the Ohio Cultivator, "I raised 410 bushels of carrots to one-quarter of an acre; 550 bushels of potatoes on two acres; about 600 bushels of onions on one acre; and over 1000 bushels of beets (several kinds) on three-quarters of an acre. I plow with a double team as deep as possible, and subsoil each furrow—adding plenty of compost manure."

**Fruit Trees—Good Cultivation.** We have often spoken of the value of giving young trees, good mellow cultivation. The Boston Cultivator says that W. Flinders, of Woburn, set out a young orchard six years ago, on good rich land, and has since given it good but economical cultivation, by tilling and cropping. The trees are now from four to six inches in diameter. Some of the trees have already yielded nearly a barrel of fruit.

A Convention of those interested in the culture of Silk, in New England, was called at Northampton, last week, but the meeting was very small. There was, however, a good and extensive display of American Silk Goods, both of fine and coarse textures. [Springfield Republican.]

**CURIOUS TIME PIECE.** "In one of the most fashionable resorts in Paris is a cannon loaded and primed, and so placed that the focus of a burning glass falls upon the powder precisely at 12 o'clock; of course every pleasant day the hour of noon is indicated by the firing of the cannon. On every such day a crowd gathers round it to watch the progress of the sun spot and the manner in which the motion of the earth on its axis is made to fire off artillery."

### AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The attention of our agricultural patrons is directed to the notice in this paper, signed by Hon. Rufus McIntire and others, calling the first meeting of the Ossipee Agricultural Society, to be held at Alfred, on Wednesday of next week. We are glad to perceive this indication of a renewed interest among the farmers of our County, in their noble employment, and trust that the meeting will be well attended, and that the association will commence its operations under favorable auspices. We have frequently urged the expediency of an agricultural society, on our farmers, and have heard many of them express an anxious desire to participate in a movement to favor a society, having for its object the improvement of the agricultural interest in our County. They have now an opportunity afforded them of connecting themselves with an association of this character, and we trust they will not let it pass.

We suggest for the consideration of the meeting, that the association embrace in its operations not merely agricultural matters considered as such, but to connect with it Mechanics, Horticulture and Floriculture. By so doing, it would be likely to obtain a larger number of members, and of course, as the State gives an amount equal to the funds raised from the members, provided it does not exceed \$300, it would have more money to bestow in premiums. It would also impart more interest to the association, and would probably bring within its ranks quite a number of gentlemen who would be valuable members, but who would be debarred from membership, if the promotion of agriculture in its common branches was only sought after. [Saco Union.]

**FEMALE BEAUTY.** Those who are accustomed to enlightened views of female beauty, well know that there are different kinds of personal beauty, among which that of form and coloring hold a very inferior rank. There is a beauty of expression, for instance, of sweetness, of nobility, of intellectual refinement, of feeling, of animation, of meekness, of resignation, and many other kinds of beauty, which may all be allied to the plainest features, and yet may remain to give pleasure long after the blooming cheek has faded, and silver gray has mingled with her hair. And how far more powerful, in their influence upon others, are some of those kinds of beauty! For, after all, beauty depends more upon the movements of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest; and thus, a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings, acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating cause of the movements or expressions which stamp their character upon it. Who has not waited for the first opening of the lips of a celebrated belle, to see whether her claims would be supported by "the mind, the music breathing from her face;" and who has not, occasionally turned away, repelled by the utter blank, or worse than blank, which the simple movement of the mouth, in speaking or smiling, has revealed? The language of poetry describes the loud laugh as indicative of the vulgar mind; and certainly there are expressions, conveyed through the medium of a smile, which need not Lavater to inform us that refinement of feeling, or elevation of soul, has little to do with the fair countenance on which they are impressed. On the other hand, there are plain women sometimes met in society, every movement of whose features is instinct with intelligence; who, from the genuine heart-warm smiles which play about the mouth, the sweetly modulated voice, and the lightening up of an eye, that looks as if it could "comprehend the universe," becomes perfectly beautiful to those who live with them and love them. Before such pretensions as these, how soon do the pink-and-white of a merely pretty face vanish into nothing!

**Corn raised for Fodder.** D. S. Beers, Knox Co., Ohio, in the Ohio Cultivator, says, "I plowed about three acres of swamp ground that had become dry, but was overrun with weeds, and sowed four bushels of corn on it. From this I cut ten tons of most valuable fodder, and it has proved the most valuable crop I raised this year." Triple the amount of seed would probably have greatly added to the crop.

**Soap as Manure.** T. Dalton, a silk dyer, says, in the London Agricultural Gazette, that he uses 15 cwt. of soap weekly, to discharge the oily matter from the silk, and forming of itself a kind of soap—the whole of which yields from 4000 to 6000 gallons of strong soap suds per week. This he has lately applied to his farm, and "its effect is most extraordinary." It has been used only one season, and its results cannot be accurately given, but he considers it more powerful than any other manure; and he thinks if farmers were allowed the drawback of the duty on soap used as manure, as manufacturers are, it would soon supersede guano. [Ex.]

**Richness of Milk.** The Boston Cultivator says that Alderney cows usually give milk so rich that seven quarts will often yield a pound of butter; and that of other cows it requires nineteen or twenty quarts. The milk from the famous cow, Blossom, required nineteen quarts for a pound of butter.

**John J. Murray, of Springfield, N. J.,** says a New York paper—died recently from skimming a poisoned animal; about two weeks after the act, his left arm upon which the intestines of the animal were carried, commenced swelling badly, and was succeeded by a mortification. Two women who assisted in the act, were also in a dangerous condition.

**PIN MAKING.** A London paper says that a new machine for the making of pins has just been completed. It is called "The Regina." Strings of wire enter it upon the one side by thousands, and almost immediately appear at the other, as pins in the most perfect form, literally headed and pointed to a degree of perfection defying microscopic power to detect a fault in shape and finish.

A lump of saleratus inserted into the pipe of a poll evil, two or three times, will effect a certain cure.

**Prolific.** A heifer belonging to Mr. Jacob Leeman of Abbot, in this County, at the age of sixteen months, brought forth a likely calf. The heifer and calf are "doing well," as the term is. [Piscataquis Farmer.]

A little boy lately walked nearly a mile, carrying on his shoulder an iron article which weighs twelve hundred pounds! Don't start, reader; the article was patent steeple!

The ordinary time required for a trip from New York to China, is from ten to twelve months; but by Whitney's projected railroad and steamers, the trip may be made in twenty-one days!











## The Muse.

### THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light! No fire!  
Cold on the hearth the last faint sparks expire;  
Shivering she watches by the embers' side  
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

"Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No! 'Tis past—'tis gone!"  
"Tuck—tick!" How wearily the time crawls on;  
Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind,  
And I believed 'twould last. How mad! How blind!

"Rest thee, my babe—rest on 'Tis hunger's cry!"  
Sleep! for there is no sleep! The faint is dry;  
Famine and cold their weary work have done;  
My heart must break! And thou!—The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there, he's there!"  
For this, for this, he leaves me to despair!  
Leaves love, leaves truth—his wife! his love! For what!  
The wanton's smile, the villain, and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him. No, 'tis all in vain;  
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!"  
And I could stare and bless him for the joy,  
My child—his child! Oh feed!—The clock strikes two!

"Hark how the sign-board cracks—the wind howls by;  
Moon! moon! A dire swell thro' the clouded sky!  
Ha! 'tis his knock!—he comes!—he comes once more!"  
'Tis but the lattice flaps!—Thy hope is o'er.

"Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay  
Night after night in loneliness to pray  
For his return—and yet he sees no need!  
No, no. It cannot be. He will be here!"

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!  
Thou'lt cold! thou'lt freezing!—but will not part!  
Husband!—I die!—Father, it is not he!  
Oh, God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath  
Fled!

The wife and child are numbered with the dead;  
On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,  
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast.  
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—  
Dread silence reigned around—the clock struck four!

### ONE HOUR WITH THEE.

One hour with thee! when summer's sunset closes,  
And day's last blushes glint the quiet grove;  
One hour with thee! to teach the shutting roses,  
And whisper in their ear soft tales of love!

All the fond heart has treasured through the day,  
At evening's dewy close, for faithful lips to say!

One hour with thee! when day's dull toils are over,  
And weary nature craves the peaceful scene;  
One hour with thee! when gentle spirits hover  
Around our guarded path—unheard, unseen;

Then all the vexing cares of busy day,  
One hour with thee, at eve can well repay!

One hour with thee! when infant eyes are sleeping,  
The dove like sleep that only childhood knows;  
One hour with thee! when ere a pale star is keeping  
Her only watch, till Heaven with radiance glows;

Like the true star, thou art the guiding ray  
That cheers my path, and lights me on my way!

One hour with thee! outweighs the empty splendor,  
The heartless joys for which so many live;  
For one such hour how gladly I surrender  
All fashion's crowds and fashion's pomp can give;

Sick of life's gaudy scenes, I steal away,  
To share thy converse at the close of day.

## The Story Teller.

[From the Illustrated Magazine.]

### THE LAST SACRIFICE.

#### An Incident at the Battle of Germantown.

BY LAWRENCE LARREE.

We have heard the story of a young man who lived during the perilous times of our country—those "times that tried men's souls." He was ardent and patriotic, and thirsted to be a sharer in those glories which our brave armies plucked from the bristling bayonets of the enemy; yet he had been withheld from joining the ranks by aged and infirm parents, whose only support and comfort he was. As he looked upon the feebleness of their old age, and thought of the perils they would be exposed to with no defender of their helplessness, he gave a sigh for the destinies of his country, and resigned himself to the duties of the small farm that was their only support. He could not desert them, and leave them to the mercy of the vagabond stragglers from the enemy's camp, and the worse traitors to his own country. Instances were too fresh in his memory of revered heads and hoary locks having been crushed to the dust by midnight plunderers and assassins, and his love for the authors of his being left him nothing but his prayers for his oppressed country.

But he had other affections that were growing in his breast like spring flowers, shedding a perfume of holiness upon his spirit, like the Christian's inspiration. There had existed, since their childhood, an attachment between him and the only daughter of a widow who resided but a few rods from his father's residence, and that attachment had ripened to a mutual declaration of love when the parties became sufficiently old to appreciate the glow of true devotion. A time was set for the consummation of their vows, which was the evening of the ever memorable 25th of December, 1776, at the time that Washington was making his perilous but triumphant passage across the Delaware, amid floating ice, and suffering from the intense cold of the season.

The two families were now united, George removing his bride and her mother to the house of his father. But still he was not happy—he could not banish from his mind an oppressive anxiety for the welfare of his country, and the doubtful struggle which she was maintaining in the hopes of acquiring that freedom for which every noble heart so warmly prayed.

In a week from the night of the passage of the Delaware, Washington met a detachment of the enemy at Princeton, which he defeated with small loss, with the exception of several officers, among whom was the gallant and brave General Mercer, while that of the enemy was upward of one hundred killed, and the remainder, about three hundred, taken prisoners. The general then retired to winter quarters at Morristown, which he did not leave until the latter end of May, with an army amounting to but little over seven thousand men, although Congress had offered recruits bounties in land, with increased pay.

At this time George burned to enlist in the ranks of his countrymen, and share their sufferings and their glory. But his young wife looked in his face with weeping eyes, whose eloquence, added to the infirmities of his parents, deterred him from the sacrifice. Besides, as the roads became more passable, and the season more temperate, robberies and midnight excursions of straggling Hessians and skinners were more frequent, and the house of one of their neighbors had been pillaged, the inmates brutally murdered, and the dwelling set on fire, within sight of their friends, who could offer them no assistance, expecting, as they did, every moment to meet a similar fate.

In this state of inquietude passed away the summer, until the intelligence reached George of the engagement between the American and English armies at Brandywine, on the 11th of September, when the republican forces were compelled to retire after a day's hard fighting, with a

loss that was estimated at three hundred killed, about six hundred wounded, and between three and four hundred made prisoners.

This reverse of the American arms aroused anew the patriotic feelings of George, and he at once communicated his intentions to his father, who offered no impediment to his immediately joining the army and helping to retrieve what had been unfortunately lost.

"Go, my son," said he, "I am beyond service, myself; but like Abraham of old, I am willing to offer my son to the sacrifice. Let the plea of protection to your parents be no longer an excuse to keep you from the ranks of those brave and devoted men who follow Washington, but receive our blessing, and bid farewell to your young wife, whose love of her country I am sure cannot be less than her affection for yourself. If you fall it is in a just and holy cause."

This was heroic advice, but no wise uncommon in the mouths of our venerable sires. George communicated his design to his mother, and afterward to his wife; but the latter would not listen to his arguments, and wept, and beseeched him not to leave them to the mercy of the mercenary robbers that overrun the country in the neighborhood of the British armies. Earnestly did he plead the sufferings of his countrymen and the necessity of his presence among those who were battling for the blessings of liberty—to nothing would she listen—no argument could convince her. What was a single arm in the mighty strife! Despairing and impatient, our hero at length resolved to leave for the army the ensuing night, and for this purpose he made all necessary preparation for his secret departure. His gun and knapsack were deposited in the barn, and a letter of farewell written which he would leave to be read after his departure.

Midnight at length came, melancholy and gloomy to George; but he arose from his bed, to which he had retired in the early part of the evening to lull suspicion, and kissing his wife affectionately as she lay asleep, he hid to the barn, accounted himself as well as his few equipments would allow, and was soon on his way to join the army. He had not far to travel, as Washington had encamped within eighteen miles of Germantown, and but half that distance from his own residence, and long ere daylight on the first of October, he had presented himself within the lines of the American army, and made known his desire to enlist, and that morning's reveille, as it best the time to rise, was answered also by the presence of George Madden.

But what consternation did that morning's dawn bring to the hearts of his wife and parents! His nonappearance was at first scarcely noticed, till the former perceived a letter lying on the table directed to herself, wherein George informed her of his resolution, and urged the necessity of his assisting in the struggle for freedom.

"If I fall," it said, "remember me—I shall die in a just and glorious cause. If I live—I trust me it will be in the enjoyment of a freeman's glorious privileges."

Ere the letter was concluded, the forsaken wife had fallen senseless on the floor. The father felt a glow of patriotic pride thrill his heart at this devotion in his son, while the mother knelt and clasped her hands in silent prayer.

The poor wife at last came to herself, but it was to wander about the house weeping, continually calling upon her husband, and insisting that she should never see him more, and marveling at his cruelty in deserting her. She was not of Spartan mold, and possessed not those stern virtues which prompted those ancient heroines to lay the last particle of affection upon the altar of their country's freedom! No; she asked nothing more than the love and presence of her husband—a devotion that reigned paramount in her heart, permitting the presence of none else. Grief! she could not submit to be left thus alone. The act must be revoked that made him of the army. She would seek him—she would implore him to come back to those who loved him, and to whom he was all the world.

So that same day, ere the sun had reached his meridian, unknown to any one, she left her home, and after three hours' weary travel she stood beside her husband in the camp, beseeching him to return. Those who witnessed her earnestness were melted by her tender entreaties—those rugged soldiers that would rush madly on bayonet and cannon—march barefooted over frozen ground and through deep snow, sustained only by fervent patriotism—they wept as they beheld this fond but timid wife clinging to her husband, and with eloquent endearment, begging him, for the love he bore her, to return once more to the desolate hearth now left without a protector. Impossible! he had enlisted for the war—the army could not spare any of its number, which at the best was even too small to cope with a larger force, better disciplined and better clothed. Impossible! he could not, with any decent grace, retreat from a position so recently assumed. He consoled her as best he could, but assured her of the impracticability of leaving the army. She must submit; it would be a sacrifice no greater than had been made by thousands. There was no remedy but to wait in hope—the end was certain, and the consequence would be glorious. But what could the poor wife do? Ha! a thought has struck her. She will seek the tent of Washington—at his feet will she lay her petition.

Behold the hero in his tent—the great, the god-like, in whom are joined all virtues—created for the age and for the cause, doing what none else ever did, performing what none else could.—Before him is kneeling the wife of George Madden. Her petition has not been in vain, her tears have not been without effect. She holds in her hand a paper that will restore her husband; but before she goes to the officer of his regiment, she reverently takes the hand of her benefactor and presses it to her lips; a tear falls upon it which the good man suffers to remain, and sends her on his presence with a benediction, and words of hope and comfort!

Again she is in the presence of her husband—she shows him his discharge with a beaming countenance, and words of joy.

"Now you will go home with me, George, and we will again be happy—oh, so happy!"

But no glow of satisfaction lit up his eye, no gladdening emotions shed their radiance over his features.

The discharge was recognized, and she led her husband from the ranks of his devoted companions; but he went not forth with that manly dignity and firm step with which he entered the camp as a volunteer. The eyes of the hardened soldiers were upon him—he fancied scornfully—his head drooped upon his chest, and suppressed whispers hissed in his ear like so many serpents, each a voice of reproach and shame; but the timid and loving woman that led him from that camp of war was unconscious of all this. She heard no whispers of reproach, she saw no scornful eyes—she was only conscious that she had recovered her husband, and what cared she for eyes and lips! The pickets were passed, and the last guard stared rudely in her face as she approached him, and muttered something

that she did not hear. She prattled ramblingly to her husband, fond creature, all the way, telling how happy she should be, and father, and mother—but he answered her not, still walking gloomily by her side. Little cared she, though, and still she wended along, and still she prattled. Poor timid, tender creature! She did not imagine what a load of shame she had piled upon the head of her husband! She could not think how deeply he was wounded. She had him safe—all her own again, at last, and she could not dream of any future woe, or brooding sorrow! But she thought—she brooded over his desertion of his comrades, and remembered the expression of their faces as he suffered himself to be led out of the encampment. And that night, in his dreams, he heard the booming cannonade, the crack of musketry, the clash of steel, and the pealing shout of victory; but he had suffered a child to tie his hands, and when he struggled to free himself, he heard a cry of "Shame! shame!" that awoke him from his uneasy slumber, with cold sweat upon his brow, and his tender wife slumbering peacefully by his side, with her white and delicate arm clasping his panting chest!

When the morning dawned and the day called him to his duties, it found him a strangely altered man. The caresses of his wife seemed loathsome to him—he could not bear her presence, but sought every opportunity of shunning her. But once during that day did he speak to her. The poor creature could not bear his coldness, and her heart at last overflowing with feelings that became insupportable, she seized his hands and looking earnestly in his face, while her eyes, glistened with tears, she exclaimed:

"Oh, George! why, why do you behave so coldly? It is killing me, George—you must look kindly—you must speak to me, or I shall die!"

He pressed her to his bosom for a moment, and then, looking earnestly in her eyes, said:

"Mary, you have disgraced me! I can never look man in the face again!"

She spoke not, but returned his glance with a proud eye, and suddenly quitting the room, she left her husband wondering at the strangeness of her behavior. Her absence was but for a moment, and returning, she placed in the hands of her husband the gun and knapsack which he had accounted himself on the previous night.

"There, George, return to the camp. Tell General Washington that the wife gives her heart for the cause of her country. If every American gave as much, we should be invincible! Go! God bless you! this is my sacrifice! You will bid me farewell—you will now speak to me—you will look to me as you used to do! That is some happiness. Oh, I could not bear your displeasure!"

Need we say how the heart of the young patriot leapt with exceeding joy, and how he pressed the yielding form of his beautiful wife to his bosom? Shall we describe the tender parting and the affectionate farewell? or shall we cover with the veil of silence scenes so sacred? We prefer that the imagination of the reader should supply a scene that description cannot do justice to.

George Madden was once more enlisted in the ranks of his countrymen, where he was received with applause.

At this period Philadelphia was occupied by the British under General Howe, who, annoyed at some forts on the Delaware, detached a portion of the royal army to reduce them. Washington improved this opportunity to attack the remainder of the British army encamped at Germantown. This attack was made on the fourth of October, and was maintained on the part of the Americans with great severity, but they were eventually repulsed with twice the loss of the enemy, owing to the inexperience of a part of the troops and the presence of a thick fog which embarrassed their movements. It was ascertained that the American loss amounted to two hundred killed, six hundred wounded, and about four hundred prisoners.

But how fared George Madden? how fought the new recruit?

An old man—a survivor of the ranks—told us that he fought with the ferocity of a tiger, and that just previous to the commencement of the attack, a young stripling presented himself to the officers and requested to be placed side by side with the hardy battlers for liberty. His request was granted—for no time was allowed for questions or considerations—and he was placed by the side of Madden, who only noticed him by a look of approval as the troops wheeled into line. He fought bravely and well—foot to foot, sometimes—breast to breast. But in vain the contest—useless the struggle. History tells of that disastrous field, and how, like the waves of the ocean, the brave troops of Washington, under their heroic leader, gathered and broke, again and again, upon the resisting forces of the enemy, but without effect, only to meet defeat and death! Night shrouded the victory of our oppressors, and hung gloomy and thick over the camp of our desponding, but not discouraged, countrymen.

But the early light of the succeeding day beamed upon a spectacle of worse horror. There lay heaps of the dead, the wounded, and the dying. But, a little apart from the rest, upon a green mound, stained only with their own blood, lay two forms clasped in the faithful embrace of death. The elder and more manly form of the two was recognized as that of Madden, the other, the fair volunteer of the preceding day. They were locked in a last embrace, and, in trying to part them, it was discovered that the slender and delicate form was that of a woman!

The hearts of the veterans grew big as they gazed upon the melancholy spectacle, and they forebore to part them, but placed them locked in each other's arms, in the same grave, and as the earth was thrown over them, no sacred rite was performed, but the tears of brave soldiers were sufficient plunders at the bar of Heaven, and their sad thoughts an appropriate funeral prayer for the sweet rest and perpetual happiness of two such rare spirits!

NEGRO WIT. "How much do you charge, Massa Magistrate, to marry me and Miss Dinah?" "Why, Clem, I'll marry you for two dollars." "Two dollars! What you charge to marry white folks, Massa?" "We generally charge them five dollars, Clem." "Well, you marry us like white folks, and I'll give you five dollars too." "Why, Clem, that's a curious notion, but as you desire it, I will marry you like white folks for five dollars." The ceremony being over, Clem and Dinah being one, the magistrate asked for his fee. "Oh, no, Massa, you no come up to de 'greement—you no kiss the bride." "Get out of my office, you black rascal!"

PAIR'S ACCOMMODATIVENESS. An Irishman being about to join a company in Lawrenceburg, Ind., forming to go south, was questioned by one of the officers: "Well, sir, when you get into battle, will you fight or run?" "In faith," replied the Hibernian, with a comical twist of his countenance, "I'll be either doing, your honor, as a majority uv ye does."

[From the Saturday Courier.]

## The Temptation of Washington.

### A Tradition of the Wissahickon Cliff.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

There are days in winter when the air is very soft and balmy as the early days of summer, when, in fact, that glad maiden May seems to blow her warm breath in the grim face of February, until the rough old warrior laughs again.

It was on a day like this that the morning sunshine was streaming over a high rock that frowns there, far above the Wissahickon.

A high rock—attainable only by a long, winding path—fenced in by the trunks of giant pines whose boughs, in the coldest day in winter, form a canopy overhead.

This rock is covered with a carpet of evergreen moss.

And near this nook—this chamber in the forest, for it was nothing less—sat an old man, separated from it by the trunks of the pines, whose boughs concealed his form.

That old man had come here, alone, to think over his two sons, now freezing at Valley Forge—for, though the father was a Tory, yet his children were Continentals. He was a well-meaning man, but some half-crazy idea about the Divine Right of the British Pope, George the Third, to rule this Continent, and murder and burn as he pleased—lurked in his brain, and kept him back from the camp of Washington.

And now, in this bright morning in February, he had come here, alone, to think the matter over.

And while he was pondering this deep matter over, whether George the Pope or George the Rebel was in the right—he heard the tramp of a war-steed not far off, and, looking between the trunks of the pines, he saw a man, of noble presence, dismount from his grey horse, and then advance into the quiet nooks of moss-carpeted rocks, encircled by giant pines.

—And now, leaving that aged Tory, to look upon this man for himself, let us look on him, with our own eyes.

As he comes through those thick boughs, you behold a man, more than six feet high, with his kingly form enveloped in a coarse grey overcoat; a chapeau on his bold forehead—and beneath the skirts of that grey coat, you may see the military boots and the end of a scabbard.

And who is this man of kingly presence, who comes here alone, to pace this moss-covered rock, with drooped head and folded arms?

Come, my friends, and look upon him—let me show you—not this figure of mist and frost-work, which some historians have called Washington—but Washington, the living, throbbing, flesh and blood Washington!—Yes, WASHINGTON THE MAN.

Look upon him, as he paces that moss-covered rock—see that eye burn, that muscular chest heave under the folded arms.

Ah, he is thinking of Valley Forge! Of the bloody foot-prints in the snow—of those three hideous figures that sit down in the huts of Valley Forge together—Disease, and Starvation, and Nakedness!

Look, as those dark thoughts crowd on his soul, he falls on his knees, he prays the God of Heaven to take his life, as an offering for the freedom of his native land!

And as that prayer starts the still woods, that grey coat falls open, and discloses the blue and gold uniform—the epaulet and the sword-belt.

Then the agony of that man, praying there in the silent woods—praying for his country, now bleeding in her chains—speaks out, in the flashing of the eye, in the beaded sweat, dripping from the brow!

Ah, kings of the world, planning so coolly your schemes of murder, come here, and look at George Washington, as he offers his life a sacrifice for his country!

Ah, George of England, British Pope, and good-natured Idiot, that you are, now counting, in your royal halls, how many more men it will take to murder a few thousand peaceful farmers, and make a nation drink your tea, come here to this rock of the Wissahickon, and see, King and Pope as you are, George Washington in council with his God!

My friends, I can never think of that man in the wilds of Wissahickon—praying there, alone; praying for his country, with the deep agony in his heart and on his brow, without also thinking of that dark night in Gethsemane, when the blood-drops started from the brow of Jesus, the Blessed Redeemer, as he pleaded for the salvation of the world!

Now look! As Washington kneels there, on that moss-covered rock, from those green boughs steps forth another form—tall as his own—clad in a coarse grey coat, with the boots and scabbard seen below its skirts, with the chapeau upon his brow.

That stranger emerges from the boughs—stands there unperceived, gazing in silence upon the kneeling warrior.

A moment passes!

Look! Washington has risen to his feet—he confronts the stranger.

Now, as that stranger, with a slight bow, uncovers his forehead, tell me, did you ever see a stronger, stranger resemblance between two men than between these two, who now confront each other in silence, under the shade of those dark pines?

The same height, breadth of chest, sinewy limbs, nay, almost the same faces—save that the face of the stranger, sharper in outline, lacks that calm consciousness of a great soul, which stamps the countenance of Washington.

That resemblance is most strange—their muscular forms are clad in the same coarse grey coat—their costume is alike—yet hold!

The stranger throws open his overcoat—you behold that hangman's dress, that British uniform, flashing with gold and stars! Washington starts back, and lays his hand upon his sword.

And as these two men, so strangely alike, meet there by accident, under that canopy of boughs, one wandering from Valley Forge, one from Philadelphia—let me tell you at once, that the stranger is none other than the Master Butcher of the Idiot-king—Sir William Howe.

Yes, there they meet, the one the impersonation of freedom—the other the tinseled lackey of a Tyrant's Will!

We will listen to their conversation: it is brief but important.

For a moment, the British General stood spell-bound before the man who had crossed the ocean to entrap, and bring home; the Rebel, who had lifted his hand against the Right Divine of the British Pope! To that British General there was something awful about the soldier who could talk with his God as Washington had talked a moment ago.

"I cannot be mistaken," at last said Sir William Howe; "I behold before me the chief of the Rebel army, Mister Washington?"

Washington coldly bowed his head.

"Then this is a happy hour! For we together can give peace and freedom to this land!"

At this word Washington started with surprise—advanced a step—and then exclaimed—

"And who, sir, are you that thus boldly promises peace and freedom to my country?"

"The commander of his Majesty's forces in America!" said Howe, advancing along that wood-hidden rock towards Washington. "And oh, sir, let me tell you that the king, my master, has heard of your virtues, which alone dignifies the revolt with the name of a war, and it is to you he looks for the termination of this most disastrous contest."

Then Washington, whose pulse had never quickened before all the panoply of British arms, felt his heart flutter in his bosom, as that great boon was before his eyes—peace and freedom to his native land!

"Yes," continued Howe, advancing another step, "my king looks to you for the termination of this unnatural war. Let rebellion once be crushed—let the royal name be finally established by your influences, and then, sir, behold the gratitude of King George to Mister Washington."

As he spoke, he placed in the hands of Washington a massive parchment—sealed with the broad seal of England, signed with the manual of King George.

Washington took the parchment—opened it—read—his face did not change a muscle.

And yet that parchment meant Mister George Washington "GEORGE DUKE OF WASHINGTON OF MOUNT VERNON, our well-beloved servant, Viceroy of AMERICA!"

Here was a boon for the Virginia planter—here was a title and a power for the young man, who was one day struggling for his life away there amid floating ice on the dark Allegheny.

For a moment, the face of Washington was buried in that parchment, and then, in a low, deep voice, he spoke—

"I have been thinking," he said, "of the ten thousand brave men who have been massacred in this quarrel. I have been thinking of the dead of Bunker Hill—Lexington—Quebec—Trenton—Yes, the dead of Saratoga—Brandywine—Germantown—"

"And your king," continued Washington, with a look and tone that would have cut into a heart of marble, "would have me barter the bones of the dead for a ribbon and a title!"

And then—while Howe shrunk cowering back—that Virginia planter, Washington, crushed that parchment into the sod, with the heel of his warrior boot—Yes, trampled that title, that royal name, into one mass of rags and dust.

"That is my answer to your king!"

And then he stood with scorn on his brow, and in his eye, his outstretched arm pointing at that minion of King George.

Wasn't that a picture for the pencil of an angel? And now, that British General, recovering from his first surprise, grew red as his uniform with rage.

"Your head!" he gasped, clinching his fist, "your head will yet redder the Traitor's black!"

Then Washington's hand sought his sword—then his fierce spirit awoke within him—it was his first impulse to strike that braggart quivering into the dust.

But in a moment he grew calm.

"Yours is a good and great king," he said, with his usual stern tone. "At first he is determined to sweep a whole Continent with five thousand men, but he soon finds that his five thousand men must swell to twenty-five thousand before he can ever begin his work of murder—Then he sacrifices his own subjects by thousands—and butchers peaceful farmers by tens of thousands—and yet his march of victory is not even begun. Then, if he conquers the capital city of the Continent, victory is sure! Behold! the city is in his grasp, yet still the hosts of freedom defy him, even from the huts of Valley Forge!"

"And now, as a last resource, your king comes to the man whose head yesterday was sought, with a high reward, to grace the gates of London—he offers that Rebel a Dukedom—a vice-regal scepter! And yet that Rebel tramples the Dukedom into the dust—that Rebel crushes into atoms the name of such a king."

Ah, never spaniel skulked from the kick of his master as that General Howe cringed away from the presence of Washington—mounted his horse—was gone!

One word with regard to the aged Tory, who beheld this scene from yonder bushes, with alternate wonder, admiration, and fear.

That Tory went home—"I have seen George Washington at prayer," he said to his wife: "the man who can trample upon the name of a king, as he did—pray to God as he prayed, that man cannot be a Rebel or a bad man. Tomorrow, I will join my sons at Valley Forge."

### Turk's Island Salt.

JUST RECEIVED, at the GREEN STORE, 50 N. 11th St., prime Turk's Island Salt, which will be sold very low for cash, by J. P. PHILBROOK.

S. PAGE & CO. have just received a fresh supply of Buehler's Hungarian Balm, Richardson's Bitters, Winsor's Balsam Wild Cherry, Sauer's Syrup Sarsaparilla, and Tomato Bitters, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, Smith's Sugar Coated Vegetable Pills, and will be sold by the dozen or single package at the lowest prices. Hallowell, July, 1846.

### Caution!

I HEREBY caution all persons against purchasing four notes of hand signed by me the subscriber, Post R. B. Dux, for the sum of fifty-seven dollars each, dated, Payable, January, 1845—the first payable in one year from date; the second in two years from date; the third in three years from date; and the fourth in four years from date. As I have not received any value for the above described notes, I shall therefore refuse to pay them or any part of them. STEPHEN DENNEN.

WANTED, immediately, 50 or 60 TAILORESSES, BROWN & LANCASTER. Augusta, Aug. 19, 1846.

### Assignee's Sale.

BY authority from the U. S. District Court for the Maine District, the subscriber as assignee of Wm. K. WENTON, will sell at public vendue at the Post Office in Augusta, on Saturday, the 26th day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, a lot of land on the east side of the Kennebec river, containing about twenty-seven square rods—bounded on the east by land of Wm. Burgess, south by land sold by Wm. K. Weston to Wm. P. Bassford, west by land sold by said Weston to Wm. Bibber, and north by land now owned by Homer Webster, together with the right of a passage way connected with the same, leading from said lot northerly to a street. S. LANCASTER, Assignee.

July 27, 1846.

### To Grain Growers.

THE subscribers hereby give notice that they continue the business of building

Pitts' Horse Powers and Pitts' Machine for Threshing and Cleansing Grain.

With the most recent improvements, at their shop at Winthrop Village, a few rods south of the Woolen Factory.—Also the common thrashers without the charge of a cent.

All persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine for themselves. SAM'L BENJAMIN, CYRUS DAVIS.

Winthrop, May 25, 1846.

### Currier's Notice.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public generally, that he has recently established himself at Winthrop Village, in the currying business. He will keep constantly on hand all kinds of the best leather, such as heavy wax, kip, calf, boot and shoe linings and bindings. Also ready made boots and shoes. All of which he offers for sale on the lowest terms, for cash or approved credit.

A. P. BACHELDER.

N. B. Persons who want leather carried can have it done at my shop in the same manner, on reasonable terms. Winthrop, Feb. 23, 1846.

## THICK BOOTS.

H. MORTON has just received a large assortment of Thick Boots, from his Manufactory in Winthrop, which he will sell at wholesale or retail. They can be purchased in the State. Also constantly on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. Augusta, Aug. 25, 1846.

## Hardware and Iron Store.

ARNOLD BITTUES invites the attention of his friends, and others to his large and superior assortment of Hardware, Iron, Steel, Glass, &c., consisting in part of articles for House building and House Furnishing. Also Mechanics' Tools, Cutlery, Mill Saws, Brasses, Ware, Brushes, Feathers, &c., all of which will be sold at low prices for cash or approved credit. August 26th, 1846.

## New Arrangement.

Railroad Line for Portland and Boston. THE STEAMER HUNTERS, Capt. D. BLANCHARD, will further notice, will leave Steamboat Wharf, Hallowell, MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS, at 9 o'clock A. M., and on Saturdays at 11 o'clock A. M., and arrive in Portland in season for the o'clock train of cars, which arrive in Boston at 8 o'clock the same evening.

RETURNS—Leaves Portland, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, on the arrival of the cars that leave Eastern Railroad Depot, Boston, at 7 o'clock A. M., and arrive in Hallowell early the same evening.

Passengers and freight taken or left at any of the depots between Portland and Boston.

FARE—From Hallowell to Boston, \$2.00. Meals for Boston, at 1st 2d, Gardner at 2d, and Bath at 3 o'clock P. M.

" Bath Portland, 1.00 Extra.

" C. G. BACHELDER, Agent.

Hallowell, June 10, 1846.

## Kennebec and Boston.

STEAM NAVIGATION—1846. THE new, safe and fast sailing steamer KENNEBEC, Capt. N. KIMBALL, until further notice, will leave Vaughan's Wharf, Hallowell, Mondays and Thursdays, at 1st 2d, Gardner at 2d, and Bath at 3 o'clock P. M.

RETURNS, leaves North side of T. Wharf, Boston, Tuesday and Friday evenings. The Kennebec is a new boat, built expressly for this route; is well furnished with boats and fire engines, and has a small cabin, and great with her splendid accommodations have rendered her a great favorite with the travelling public; and the proprietors hope to have a share of the business the coming season.

Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the Kennebec in Hallowell, to carry passengers to Winthrop, Readfield, Wilton, Livermore, Farmington, Biddeford, Casco, Skowhegan, Norridgewood, Waterville, &c. The steamer Phenix will also be in readiness to take freight and passengers to and from Waterville on the days of arrival and sailing. A. H. HOWARD, Agent.

Hallowell, April 2, 1846.

## For Man and Beast!

DR. KITTREDGE'S Celebrated Green Nervine Balm, is offered to the public as a sure cure for the following diseases, incident to the human frame, viz: Rheumatism, sprains, lameness, gout, swellings, sciatica, rheum, contraction of the cords, scrofula, chilblains, pain, sore eyes and throat, pain in the back, side and breast, burns, and all cutaneous humors and eruptions of the skin, fresh wounds, chapped hands, diseases of the bones and nerves, &c.

Every family would do well to keep a box of this ointment on hand, especially the owners of valuable horses. It is an excellent article for seamen, being a sure preventive and cure for scurvy, and all the various diseases incident to persons following the sea.

This Ointment is an infallible remedy for the cure of the following complaints of horses: galls, cuts, corks, chaps, cracked heels, scrofula, bruises, sprains, the Penicillin, whitening, pasterns, coffin and stifle joints. The public may rest assured that this ointment is superior to any remedy ever invented for the cure of the above named diseases, and unlike too many highly extolled medicines, (2nd) is no humbug! Try it.

Prepared only by the sole proprietor, GEO. C. GOODWIN, druggist, No. 76 Union street, Boston, Mass.

Sold by J. E. LADD and E. E. FULLER, Agents, at B. Wales, Hallowell; A. T. Perkins and C. P. Branch, Gardiner; Wm. Dyer, Waterville; Stanley & Prince, Winthrop; M. C. Monlton, Wayne; J. Allen, Chester; George Calcutt and G. Gage, Wilton; J. Bean and J. Wood, East Wilton; J. W. Perkins, Farmington; The Caswell, Farmington Falls; Blundell & Dyer, New Sweden; Ira Thim, Mt. Vernon; F. Spencer, Readfield; Coe, and by agents generally throughout the State.

J. E. LADD, wholesale agent, Augusta.

July 1st, 1846.

## Plumbe National Daguerrian Gallery and Photographers Furnishing Depot.

AWARDED the gold and silver medals, four first prizes, and two highest honors, at the National, the Massachusetts, and New York, and the Pennsylvania exhibitions, respectively, for the most splendid colored Daguerotypes and best apparatus ever exhibited.

Portraits taken in exquisite style, without regard to the weather. Instructions given in the art.

A large assortment of apparatus and stock always on hand, at the lowest cash prices.

New York, 251 Broadway, Philadelphia, 136 Chestnut St.; Boston, 75 Cornhill; and Hallowell, at B. Wales, Baltimore at 3; Washington, Pennsylvania Avenue; Petersburg, Va., Mechanics' Hall; Cincinnati, Fourth and Walnut; and 176 Main St.; Saratoga Springs, Broadway; Paris, 127 Vieille Rue du Temple; Liverpool, 32 Church street.

SUGAR AND RICE. 1000 lbs. Porto Rico sugar, and 600 lbs. rice, just received and for sale very low by August 18, 1846. 32 KELLEY & LIBBY.

## China, Glass and Crockery Ware.

34 CRATES of Eastern Ware just received per ship Desdemona direct from the English manufactory, and for sale at Boston prices, at No. 3, Brattle Street. J. D. PIERCE.

August 10th, 1846.

## Purify the Blood!

GOODWIN'S Indian Vegetable and Sarsaparilla Bitters, for the cure of jaundice, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, liver complaint, indigestion, drowsiness, headache, cutaneous and acrofulous diseases, all impurities to the blood, and general debility.

These Bitters possess the great merit of being entirely vegetable in every component part.

Sarsaparilla, that most inestimable root, obtained from the tropical regions of South America, has long and justly been known and acknowledged by the medical world, as the most efficient purifier of the blood. In the Bitters it forms one of the most essential ingredients. The virtues of the genuine Honduras Sarsaparilla are extracted on the most scientific principles, and are combined in a highly concentrated form, with the most useful roots and herbs of the vegetable world, in such a perfect manner, that their united virtues, embodied in this preparation, are brought to operate on the stomach and bowels, purging thoroughly and liberally, and completely restoring it to its wonted tone and vigor. As a safe, pleasant and efficient cathartic; in all cases of jaundice, effluvia in general, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, in the spring and summer; and in all cutaneous diseases, they will be found invaluable, cleansing the stomach, restoring strength, and consequently purifying the blood.

Certificates can be shown, with the most useful roots and herbs of the vegetable world, in such a perfect manner, that their united virtues, embodied in this preparation, are brought to operate on the stomach and bowels, purging thoroughly and liberally, and completely restoring it to its wonted tone and vigor. As a safe, pleasant and efficient cathartic; in all cases of jaundice, effluvia in general, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, in the spring and summer; and in all cutaneous diseases, they will be found invaluable, cleansing the stomach, restoring strength, and consequently purifying the blood.

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